

French brethren for the reparation of this offence. *Mieux vaut tard que jamais.*

There are no commercial associations which make larger profits than the railroad companies. There are none certainly which are more avaricious or which are harder on their employees. The trouble on the Coney Island line has been brought about entirely by this spirit. The directors first removed all their old conductors on the assumption by a new superintendent that the men were dishonest. A wholesale charge of this kind is, in the first place, incapable of proof, and, in the second, its assertion by a man new to the affairs of the company should have suggested doubts as to its being true even in a measure. But what follows shows that this person was utterly unfit for his post. He introduced a new regulation, which was that the drivers should sign a contract with the company agreeing that they should pay for all damages occurring to their cars and horses, their per diem wages for a day's labor of fourteen hours and a half being only \$1.80. We all know that in time like these it is a difficult thing for a working man, burdened with a family, to make both ends meet on such pay. How, then, is it possible for him to provide on

FUNNY—To hear the pious *Independent* calling the opponents of Barnum in Connecticut "unscrupulous."

The New York Collector.
Under the whip and spur of the ranting radicals, headed by Mr. Hulburd, the House of Representatives yesterday, by a vote of sixty-eight to thirty-eight, passed a resolution to the effect that Mr. Henry A. Smyth should be removed from the office of Collector of the Port of New York. Upon what new grounds or charges this action was taken does not appear; but if no further evidence has been adduced than that contained in the recent one-sided

We hear a great deal of noise made through police reports and other channels of cruelty to animals, much of which is entirely unnecessary. For instance, if an Irishman who may happen to be enjoying his St. Patrick's Day should hit his horse a little too hard he is immediately pounced upon by Mr. Bergh or some philanthropic policeman, just as if it were the man, and not the whiskey, that hurt the horse. Some time ago Mr. Bergh was sorely distressed because some ship captains followed the old custom, which has existed since turtles were edible, of packing these amphibious creatures on the decks of their vessels, on their backs. Now we would give Mr. Bergh some advice. If instead of disturbing himself about the uncomfortable attitude of turtles or seeing

land extending the powers of the Central Park Com

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